one walking in these gardens, so attractive, of which the inhabitants have each a key; it is enough for them that they prevent others from coming in?

The squares and the parks make one of the great charms of London. St. James's park is a delicious promenade. You descend to it by an enormous staircase, worthy of Babylon, at the foot of the Duke of York's column. The Mall, by the side of the Egyptian terrace of Carlton Palace (Carlton-gardens), is large and beautiful. But what pleased me especially is the fine piece of water, tenanted by herons, ducks, and aquatic birds. The English excel in the art of giving to artificial gardens a romantic and natural air."

He thinks, you see, that we sometimes *can* "garden finely."

His remarks in connection with the Duke of Wellington, although they may jar some feelings at this moment, and are to a certain extent erroneous, are not without their teachings. In Hyde-park, he says, which is not a garden, but a country, stands the statue to Lord Wellington, voted by the ladies of London. The noble Duke is idealized and demi-godded under the form of Achilles. I do not think it possible to push the grotesque and the ridiculous farther than this,—to put upon the robust torso of the valiant son of Peleus, and the muscular neck of the conqueror of Hector, the British head of the honourable Duke with his bent nose, his flat mouth and square chin, is one of the most diverting ideas that ever entered the human brain: it is an innocent and involuntary caricature, and for that reason irresistible. The corrective for this somewhat exaggerated apotheosis is close by. By one of those ironical antitheses of Chance, that great banterer of human things, Apsley House, the residence of the Duke, stands at the corner of Piccadilly. Unfortunately Lord Wellington enjoys in England but a very doubtful popularity [Mons. Gautier should step over to London just now]. The mob, he continues, know no greater enjoyment than that of breaking the windows of Achilles, and sometimes with musket shot. Accordingly all the windows of Apsley House are protected by iron plates — the Tarpeian rock, close to the capitol!

We will not say a word about his admiration of Scotch ale, his laugh at what the English ladies put upon their heads (gold fringes, boughs of coral, branches of trees, and banks of oysters!), nor of his praise of Wilkie and Hogarth; nor will we do more than note his enthusiastic admiration of English children. "Those who have not seen an English baby," he exclaims, "do not know what infant beauty is." We have a pretty *oui-oui* thing in our eye at this moment that would prove his case,—

"A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

"Pale Albion," he continues, "is the bed where blossom most happily those pretty flowers of human flesh that they call Arthur, Bobby, Mary, Harriet, and other charming names forgotten by the botanists, who persuade themselves that all the roses come from the gardens and are obtained by grafts on the eglantine."

M. Gautier does not pretend, as we said, to be himself an antiquary, and here is what he thinks of some who do. "There are certain travellers," he remarks, "who only interest themselves in Roman ruins and Latin inscriptions: as soon as they see an inequality in a field, they call it a *camp of Cæsar*, and should they meet with a piece of mouldy wall, a mutilated boundary stone, they make out of it a temple or a statue of a goddess. Travellers of this class become editors in quarto, and for the most part end at the Institute. Others think of nothing but measurements: such a monument is so many feet long, and so many feet wide; a mistake in a thousandth part of an inch plunges them into the most profound despair. Some are looking out for curiosities; these for singular echoes; and those for odd optical effects. An Englishman met at Boulogne another Englishman, coming back, like himself, from Italy. They were going to the steam-boat, and entered into conversation. It is not often conversation does take place between Englishmen who have not been introduced to one another by a third person, but they had come from the warm countries, and their British ice was somewhat thawed. 'I have just arrived from Italy,' said the first. 'And you?' 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'from Italy.' 'You saw St. Peter's?' 'Oh, yes—the 29th June—fifty-seven minutes past one. I noted it in my pocket-book.' 'You put yourself in the good place?' 'Oh, no. Is there a good place?" "Oh, yes. If you put yourself in a certain position, instead of seeing all the colonnade, you will only see one single pillar. It is really very funny.' The second Englishman blushed a little, like a man discovered in a crime, remained pensive some minutes; and then, having made up his mind, said, 'James, go and get post-horses directly; we shall return to Rome. I am going to look at St. Peter's in a particular spot, where you can see nothing of it.'"

And thus Mons. Gautier "zigzags" away, and shows amusingly his own "caprices" as well as ours. Adieu, Mons. Gautier.

And good night, Mr. Serjeant T. You see we have found something that may do for the *Builder*.

THE STUDY AND APPLICATION OF ART.*

When I last had the honour of addressing you on the Study and Application of Art, my remarks were made rather with respect to the moral than the intellectual bearing of the subject. We then looked full in the face at those many requirements of the student which are necessary to lend a firm and even support to his mental attainments, and to make them really beneficial to himself and to the world. We asserted principles of whose vital importance we are all perfectly well aware, and yet do often very little like to be told of or to talk about; nevertheless, we did discuss them, and while doing so, were conscious of a feeling of satisfaction that the pursuit of art was proved to be in no small degree encouraged and advanced by our seeking in its behalf some ray of light from the vivifying lamp of eternal virtue. We will now take another view of the case. We will consider those qualities of the mind which are more immediately concerned in following the arts; and will then proceed to investigate right modes of applying these qualities to the work of the age. At the very outset in all composition we discover the need of imagination and fancy. The poet, painter, sculptor, musician, architect, all have to wait upon these sovereign powers: it is they who grant the noble epic, the speaking picture, the godlike statue, the solemn chorus, the mighty edifice, which generations read, behold, admire, hear, enter, with the like awe and wonder,—recognising in all the same power of these two ethereal queens,—perceiving in all the same effort of the mind to create according to its immortality,—sympathising in all with the aspirations of the greatest of their race, of man at his noblest, whose station is between nothing and infinity. The connection between the muses is, then, that they are in common indebted to one power, which is Imagination; and their variety arises only from the diversity of modes in which she chooses to be expressed. In all, it is this faculty of creation, of invention, which is the prime mover, and where it does not exist, there will be no occasion to look for greatness in art: the effect will here be assuredly proportioned to the cause; the work to the means. Those who practise design must know well how many shapes and colours pass, as it were, before their eyes, ere they make their choice of any: some are soon successful: others ponder for hours in vain: those have the power and these have not, or but slightly. Now this is a thing that may be improved and cultivated: it consists in increasing our stock of ideas: he that understood only two buildings, could not be expected to make three original designs; but would incessantly repeat himself after he had published the pair. Such a one seems in the position of a stranger who knows but two words in a language; and whatever you say to him, whether you ask a question or make a statement, whether you praise or blame, his answer is for ever the same. Yet for all this, it is evident that this man is limited only in his power of expression: if he increase that, it is probable he will develope ideas if they are in him; and so in architecture, the more ways you have of expressing yourselves, the better will you be able to explore your imagination. And thus there is more hope of a man as yet bounded in his skill in execution who produces no ideas, because of being partially dumb, than of a man whose technical skill is consummate, who is a master of his pencil, and yet gives birth to no original notion.

Thus there are men who have great comprehension of your art, but no power of expression by the hand; and there are others who have every manual facility, and apparently no invention. But it is clear that an architect must first learn to use his pencil: this he should become tolerably master of when young, and then he will give his imagination a fair chance. Ideas may be increased by observation,—a continual watchfulness of eye and readiness of mind,—by becoming in your art familiar with every style, as you may do now, even without extensive travel.

Besides this, the whole quality of imagination may be improved by studying the greatest works of art; but more especially by going to the fountain whence they were derived, which is Nature herself. It is in the general expansion of the mind that you must look for the increase of its parts: every lovely scene, every beautiful effect, every poetic image, every graceful thought,—every thing in nature, from the skyey summits of the mountain to the lowly violet in the valley at its foot,—every thing in art, from Milton's Lucifer bewailing himself to the Sun, to the song of Ariel on the back of the bat,—aye, everything in religion, from our highest conception of deity as men to the simplest prayer of our lisping childhood,—these, all these, if suffered to operate rightly on our minds, tend to exalt and purify the imagination and its works. I say to exalt and purify: sparkling waters flow not from a foul source; and it is the crest of the mountain that first beholds the dawn. Great designs spring not from little minds; nor will beauty dwell in a desert that is the dwelling-place of the bittern and the leper; and what else is a corrupt imagination? Fancy, to which I alluded, is at first Imagination's handmaid: the latter strikes out the bold and grand outline: the former puts in the elegant and graceful detail. Imagination erects the long row of lofty columns, and rears the sublime pediment: Fancy carves the capitals, and decorates the frieze. Imagination raises herself to her full height in the cathedral, and her robes wave through its vast and dim extent; but Fancy starts out upon the majestic walls, peers from corbel heads with fantastic eyes, twines herself in a thousand graceful stems, lurks in the deep shadows of the full and massy mould-

* Read by Mr. H. T. Braithwaite, at the meeting of the Architectural Association, Oct. 15. (See vol. ii., pp. 92 and 100.)

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